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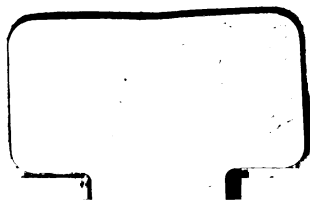
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THE LOST ANGEL.

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Isabel W. Carr

1 J. W. C. C.

Written and published for the benefit of the "Ladies' Bazaar."

THE LOST ANGEL;

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY JOHN SNYDER,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS:

G. I. JONES AND COMPANY.

1878.

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42 x 3.7

TO MY FRIEND,
REV. WILLIAM L. CHAFFIN,
Of North Easton, Massachusetts.

MY ESTEEM AND AFFECTION FOR HIM FIND THEIR FITTEST
VOICE IN THE WORDS OF HAMLET TO HORATIO:

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

CHAPTER I.

“Oh, Auntie! Auntie!” cried Enid Goodson in what would have been a scream except that Enid’s voice was always running over with music.

Enid had burst into her Aunt Helen’s room in a state of great eagerness and confusion.

At every step her little feet were tripped in her long, white night-gown. Her yellow, tangled curls looked like floss-silk, in which the fairies had been romping all night long.

When Enid was excited, her hazel eyes fairly glistened with light. As her mischief-loving broth-

er, Dick, said, "she turned on the gas under her eyelashes." Now the gas was on "full head."

"Oh, Auntie! Auntie!" cried Enid, as she ran, like a white rabbit, into her Auntie's open arms.

"What *is* it, darling?" said Aunt Helen.

It was Christmas morning—clear, crisp, and frosty—and Auntie naturally supposed that her little girl had just discovered the treasures left by Saint Nicholas. But not a single word of the dear old saint did Enid speak.

In her hurry and excitement she had even forgotten it was Christmas, and flitted past the black-haired doll with the garnet silk dress, the wonderful picture books in cream-colored bindings and gold letters, and all the tiny wax candles that

burned in the fresh daylight, as if their flames had forgotten to go out with the stars.

All these Christmas wonders the little girl ran by without notice.

“What is it, darling?” said Auntie, in her sweet, soft voice, that papa said always made him think of the down on a ripe thistle.

“Oh, Auntie! I have had such a splendid, funny dream; all about”—

“What, little curly-head?” said Aunt Helen, smoothing back Enid’s tangled curls.

“Take care, Nid!” called out brother Dick, who was looking at his new tool-chest and skates. “Gas is dear. You are running up an awful bill.”

“Now, you hush, Dick!” said Enid. “Auntie,

make him stop teasing me." But before Auntie could reply, Enid had got breath to go on with her story.

"Such a dream! You remember what papa said the day before yesterday, when Norah said she had been dreaming of ghosts? Well, he said that you 'most always dreamed of what you had been talking of or thinking of a great deal, and I guess that is the way my dream came. You know I went with Norah to the Cathedral yesterday afternoon, because it was the day before Christmas—oh! it *is* Christmas morning, isn't it?

"Go on with your story, dear," said Auntie, her own eyes full of smiles.

"Well, I went with Norah to the Sunday-school festival at the Cathedral, and there, over

in a corner of the room, under a splendid burning star made out of gas-jets, was a little manger no bigger than this," and Enid measured with her hands, "and in it was the sweetest little baby, made out of wax; and there was its mother sitting by the manger, and there were the three wise men with their gifts, and the oxen and the horses in the stalls, all just as natural, almost, as if they were living! There were crowds of little boys and girls looking at it, and then a dear old gentleman, with long, white hair, that Norah said was the priest, told us all that this was to show how Jesus came down from heaven, where He was King, to be born like a poor, beggar child, in a stable-manger.

"And then Norah and I came out of the

church, and, as we walked along the streets, I looked over where the sun was setting, and I wondered if Jesus came out of heaven so long ago, through such gold light as there was in the clouds in the west.

“When we got home it was dark, nearly ; and, after supper, papa read about Jacob’s ladder, and the angels going up and coming down. So, when I went to bed, I didn’t go to sleep for a long while. I thought about what I had seen at church, and about Jacob’s ladder, full of angels, who seemed to be coming out of the sunset light, and when I did go to sleep, I must have got it all mixed up in my mind, for I had such a beautiful dream !”

By this time Dick had dropped his skates, and

was listening, his brown eyes as wide open as Enid's.

Norah, the nurse, had slipped into the room with Enid's shoes and stockings, and Aunt had the little girl in her lap.

"Well, darling," said Aunt Helen, "we are waiting for this wonderful dream."

"I dreamed," began the little girl, "that I was standing in our own garden, near brother Dick's red-rose bush, late in the afternoon.

"The sun was just going down, and as I looked in the west I could see the clear clouds moving in the red light. After a while, one beautiful one, which looked as if it had been painted with fire, seemed to drift away from the rest, and floating through the clear, blue sky, it stopped right

over my head, just as the priest said the big star did right over the manger. I looked up at the cloud, and just then I thought the light began to drop out of it in the shape of sparks; first, one at a time, slowly, and as the drops of water fall out of grandfather's rock spring; and then the sparks came in a perfect shower. All at once they stopped falling, and I saw two lines of blazing light, stretching from the cloud to the ground. And then I went nearer, Auntie, and there was a beautiful ladder, which shone just like a splendid icicle when the morning sun strikes it. I thought I was all alone, and yet something told me to go up the ladder, even though I could not see the top of it, as it rested against the cloud.

“I was not afraid to go up, and as I put my

foot on the first round, the cloud at the top lost all its rose-color and seemed to change into a hundred white hands, that beckoned me to come up. So I began climbing — up, up, higher and higher, away above the housetops and the steeples. All the sounds of the world died away, and the air was just as quiet as the stars; and the cloud on the top seemed to melt away, and the ladder to be hung in the air. Still higher and higher! The sun went out of sight, and the moon, as it floated by, seemed nearly to touch the ladder.

“Then I began to hear strange sounds. Away off, there seemed to be a noise like the low, summer-day thunder. Then it came nearer and nearer, and as it struck the rounds of the ladder it changed into sweet music, just as if the ladder

was an æolian harp, just like mamma made last autumn."

By this time both Norah's eyes and mouth were wide open. Dick was too much interested to tease, and Auntie's face bloomed into a sweet, quiet smile, as she said, "Well, darling, what next?"

"Still I was going up higher," said Enid, "when all at once the sound changed, not into music, but into a voice. I could hear crying and moaning, as if there was a great crowd of people in trouble and sorrow; and I heard the words, 'Oh, Raphael! Raphael!' Then all was still for a moment. Then the words were repeated in a louder and sadder tone. Still I couldn't see anybody, and while I listened all became still. I



reached the head of the ladder and found myself in the most beautiful country I ever saw in all my life. It was still night, but the sky above was thick with stars, and the moon was far below my feet. I found myself on a broad road, with water on both sides — water so still that the bright stars seemed to have come down in the lake to watch beside the sleeping water-lilies.

“I was all alone, but not lonesome, and as I walked along I saw something white coming toward me. In another moment I met the *sweetest little baby* I ever saw in my life. Its eyes were as blue as the ocean, and it was smiling at me in the loveliest way. It seemed so strange, I thought, to see such a tiny baby alone on the road at night. And then it spoke to me, and said,

‘Enid’—called me by my own name—‘Enid, sister Enid.’ ‘Yes, dear,’ I said—I couldn’t help saying ‘dear,’ Auntie. ‘Tell them I am going to the world.’ And then it went on quickly, and as I turned to look after it, I could see it going down the ladder that I had just left. Oh, Auntie! but I was filled with wonder then; and then I heard the sorrowful cry once more, ‘Oh, Raphael!’ but much nearer than before. Just then I saw a magnificent gate at the end of the road. It was wide open, and through it shone the most brilliant light; while soft, low music poured through, as the perfume comes out of a flower! Then I seemed to be alone no longer. Just as you have seen a great flock of white pigeons come out of the air and flutter all about

you, so a great crowd of angels—I don't know *how* I knew they were angels, Auntie, but I did—gathered all about me. Still I was not scared, they looked so kind and gentle.

“When I looked into their faces I saw they were all crying, and one tall angel took me by the hand and said: ‘Little earth-child, we have lost a darling angel out of heaven. The gate of pearl was left open, as it is on every Christmas Eve, and his little feet have wandered out into the night.’

“And then all the angels cried, together, ‘He is lost! he is lost! Our Raphael is lost!’ Then I told them of the little one I had seen on the lonely road, and what it said; and, all at once, the light inside the gate grew dimmer, the

soft music died away, the group of angels began to fade from sight, and, in another moment, I was walking on the lonely road again, with the tall angel that had spoken to me holding my hand in his. I looked up, as he led me along, and I saw that he was covered with strange jewels, that looked like dew-drops. 'They are tear-drops, Enid,' he said. 'Whenever good people weep because bad ones sin, their tears are changed into angel jewels.'

"Then he asked me to tell him about the world — whether people were happy in it. When I told him that we were sometimes very bad and very unhappy, he said, with sorrow in his voice, 'My darling Raphael, must you be like the rest!' and, as he stooped to kiss me, I woke up, and

found the broad daylight pouring in the windows."

Before Auntie could speak, the door of the room opened, and Enid saw a strange, old, colored woman standing in the doorway, who said, "Mrs. Goodson would like to see the little girl, ma'm." Auntie said: "Mamma wants to see you, dear." Just then papa put his head in at the door, and said, "Come, Rabbit." He always called her "Rabbit," or "Snow Rabbit." "Come, Rabbit, and don't make a noise." He gathered the "Rabbit" up in his arms, kissed her, and carried her across the hall to mamma's room.

The windows were hung with thick curtains, and Enid could see, in the dim light, mamma's pale face on the pillow.

Just as the little girl ran forward to kiss her, mamma softly turned down the covers of the bed, and Enid saw the sweetest thing her eyes had ever looked on — a *brand-new baby brother!*

Enid started forward, in surprise and delight, and, forgetting her papa's caution to be quiet, cried out, in wonder and excitement, "Oh, mamma! mamma! It is Raphael! it is Raphael!"

Then she knelt down and kissed the sleeping baby's face, and murmured softly, "My dear, darling Raphael, here is your sister Enid. They lost you, but I have found you." Mamma stared with wonder to hear her little girl talk so, and then, with her hazel eyes all filled with tears, Enid once more told her dream of Christmas Eve.

CHAPTER II.

You may be sure that Enid forgot all Christmas gifts, except the newborn baby. What was a wax doll in garnet silk and lace, compared with this dainty thing, nestling its cheek on mamma's bosom?

"How beautiful he is!" Enid would whisper to herself. "And no wonder, because he came from the angels' home."

At last they began talking about a name for the little stranger. Mamma wanted him named William, after papa. Papa said, "Call him Henry, after Uncle Henry." Dear old grandma, who ar-

rived when baby was three days old, insisted on naming him Hosea, after grandpa. Papa laughed at this, and, kissing grandma's wrinkled cheek, said, "Mother, with such a name as that we should have to dress him right away in knee-breeches, and powder his hair." Grandma playfully pulled papa's ear, and said, "Will, you are just as much of a tease as you were when you were the age of that boy Dick, and you were as much like him as one bean is like another."

Papa put his hand over grandma's lips, saying, "Hush, mother, or Dick will be quoting you in defense of his mischief."

Dick wanted him called *Tom*, because that was short and easy; but Enid begged that baby's name should be *Raphael*.

“Oh, what nonsense!” grandma exclaimed.

“Please, papa, name him Raphael. That is his name, you know. I found him, and isn’t he *my* baby, papa?”

Papa smiled, and said it sounded like a strange name for a little human baby.

Grandma frowned a little, and said it was “a heathenish, romantic name that the boy would be ashamed of when he grew up.”

Papa looked at Enid. She said nothing, but her beautiful eyes were still pleading for the name.

Mamma said she was willing the name should be Raphael.

“Helen,” said grandma to Auntie, “there is no use asking your opinion. You would give Enid the blue out of the sky, if she wanted

it, and you could get it. You will spoil that child."

"Enid never can be spoiled, mother," said Auntie, as she kissed the little girl's yellow curls.

"Well, Raphael let it be, then," said papa, taking Enid on his knee. "And, darling, it is not the first baby that has been named by the angels." And so it was decided, although grandma said it was a burning shame to give such a pretty baby such an outlandish name!

We never can tell of the joy and the satisfaction that Enid found in her baby brother. He was *her* baby. She had seen him before any one else in the world. She had seen him before he came to the world. She had heard him call her "Sister Enid," although he would not or could not

· speak a single word now. She would sit beside him while he slept, and look silently into his face, hoping he might dream of the angel home he had left, and talk of its beauty in his sleep. She often wondered why his angel brothers and sisters never came to look for him in this world, and whether they had stopped grieving for him now.

When he was awake, she would look into his blue eyes, which never looked back into hers, and wonder if he remembered the starlight night when she had met him outside the gates of Heaven! She would murmur in his baby ear, "Raphael, dear baby brother, do speak to me. Tell me all about the bright city in which you lived. Tell me about the ones who used to love you before you were mine. Tell me why you

came away from that beautiful home, and the friends that I saw crying because their angel baby was lost." And Enid would sing a sweet little hymn about the New Jerusalem, trying to help him remember about the home he had left. You can see how real her dream was to her; besides, everybody, except Aunt Helen, said that Enid was a "*queer, old-fashioned child.*"

CHAPTER III.

Raphael grew finely, and was the pride and joy of the whole household. Grandma never would call him by his outlandish name, but always spoke to him, and of him, as "Baby." She still hoped, she said, that they would have sense enough to give him a good, honest, christian name, when he came to be christened. She didn't insist on Hosea, although she thought it a very fine name. If they didn't like that, however, then have him called Jared, after his great-grandfather.

How *could* he go to the old farm, when he

grew up to be a fine boy, and look the old-fashioned cows and horses in the face with such a fancy name as *Raphael* fastened to him. Why, it was like dressing him in *blue satin, with silver buttons*, to give him such a name!

Dick called him "Buzzer," for short, because Dick nicknamed every thing and every body; but he was very proud of his only brother.

And as for Enid, she saw the darling baby grow, with increasing delight. She watched day by day, and saw the light of intelligence dawn in his blue eyes. She could tell, she said, the very moment when he first looked in her face, and smiled because he knew her. When she came from school, or church, or play, no matter how tired she might be, she never ate or rested until

she had run up to the nursery and kissed the baby if he was awake, or looked in his face if he was sleeping.

He was what grandma called a "good baby;" would lie upon his back and coo and kick, and seemed to be entirely happy. Sometimes he would cry, but never very loudly, and Enid always said he cried because he was *homesick and lonesome*, so far away from his home!

Enid Goodson *was* a "queer" child, as the world goes.

When Easter came, baby was carried to church, and the dear, old, white-haired minister baptized him *Raphael*.

The spring hurried by with hands full of flowers; and when vacation days—the lazy sum-

mer-time — came in, all went to the old home-
stead by the New Hampshire sea-coast to spend
July and August. Enid had never known such
a summer-time before.

Dick usually went fishing with papa and the
hired man, and so she was left to amuse herself.
Nurse would wheel Raphael in his coach down
upon the beach, and Enid, who had no lessons to
learn, would play with the baby boy all the long
summer morning. She filled his coach with tiny
sea-shells, which looked as if they were painted
by the ocean fairies, who had stolen their delicate
colors from the rose-buds.

She would look far out upon the ocean where
the sky seemed to touch the waters with its deli-
cate blue, and think the moan it made sounded

like the angel sorrow she had heard on Christmas Eve.

And when night came, and the moon threw a bright bridge of flame over the restless water, Enid thought of the bright ladder of her Christmas dream.

At last vacation was ended, and the Goodsons left the dear old sea-side place with great regret. Enid brought home the wealth of blooming cheeks and beaming eyes, and baby began to prattle in an unknown tongue, as babies do.

Enid said, remembering Aunt Helen's music lesson, that his cooing was "songs without words."

Finally, Raphael knew Enid's footstep on the stair, and her merry laugh in the hall, and be-

fore she entered the door, he would be kicking and laughing with delight. And then Enid would take him in her arms, and tell him, between the kisses, all about her ride, or walk, whichever it might happen to be, and he would look as if he understood the words as well as he understood her happy laugh.

And so the bright days flew by, until the week before Christmas. It was Tuesday afternoon, when Enid came from school later than usual. The ground was covered with crisp snow, and brother Dick had given her a splendid sled-ride. Her ears and fingers were tingling with cold; still, she hastily threw off her fur cap and gloves, and ran up stairs, singing as she went.

She reached the head of the stairs just as

mamma, with an anxious look upon her face, slipped out of the nursery, and, holding up her hand to Enid, whispered, "Hush! Be very quiet, darling. Baby is sick."

Enid turned pale in a moment, and, running up to mamma, said in a low, frightened tone, "Oh, mamma! tell me what ails him. How long has he been sick?"

"There is nothing serious the matter, I hope, dear. Our little boy seemed well when you went to school this morning; but about twelve o'clock his little hands and face were hot, and by two o'clock he was in a high fever."

Just then Enid heard a little, wailing cry come through the half-open door.

"Now he is awake again," said Mrs. Goodson.

"He has been sleeping for half an hour. You may come in, Enid, if you will be very quiet."

So Enid came on tiptoe into the room. Her darling Raphael was lying on Aunt Helen's lap. His eyes were half shut, and his cheeks were flaming with fever.

Enid was too frightened to speak, and when Aunt Helen looked in her face, she found her beautiful eyes swimming in tears. Auntie gently drew the little girl toward her, and kissed her cheek, saying, in her sweet, quiet tone, "Don't look so grieved, my pet." Enid put her head on Auntie's shoulder, and broke into a low sob.

Just then sleigh-bells were heard, and mamma, saying, "There is Dr. Brown, I think," glided quickly from the room. In two or three minutes

mamma came back, followed by the doctor. He silently nodded to Aunt Helen, and took baby out of her arms. First he felt his pulse. Then, carrying him nearer the light of the window, looked into his throat.

Then he stood a moment in deep thought (a very silent man was Dr. Brown); then he shook his head, as if he was silently answering the unspoken question of his own mind. He gave baby back to mamma. Enid had crept close to the doctor's side, and was looking anxiously in his face, trying to read what thought was writing there.

The doctor still thought on in silence. At last he sat down at papa's desk, and rapidly wrote something. Turning to Mrs. Goodson, he

said: "Send for this prescription as soon as possible, and see that the directions are carefully followed. I will come in again about ten o'clock."

As he turned to go out of the room he saw Enid's pale, scared face. Bending over, he kissed her forehead, while his face broke into a quiet smile.

"We shall soon have him well, Rabbit, we hope."

Then he beckoned to Aunt Helen to follow him out of the room. Soon the sleigh-bells jingled as he drove rapidly away.

When Auntie came back to the room, Enid was kneeling by the side of mamma, pressing Raphael's hot hand and wetting it with her quiet tears.

“Margaret,” said Auntie to mamma, “the doctor thinks our little girl had better not stay in the room with baby.”

Mamma looked up with a quick, frightened start.

Aunt Helen continued: “He fears diphtheria. Come with me, dear,” and Auntie led Enid from the room.

Once outside the door, Enid fell to weeping bitterly. Aunt Helen put her arm about her little girl, and spoke calm, sweet words of comfort, and quickly wiping the tears away, told her to run and greet papa, who just then entered the front door.

You may be sure there was a short and quiet dinner that day.

Papa, who usually came home so bright and cheerful, and filled the dinner-hour with pleasant, funny stories, sat at the head of the table, talking but little, and only with Aunt Helen about baby.

Dick, whose heart was as gentle and loving as a girl's, talked now and then with Enid in a low half-whisper.

Even Norah, who waited upon the table, listened with eagerness to all that was said about the baby, with a quiet prayer on her lips.

Mamma could not be persuaded to leave baby, even for a moment.

The quiet dinner soon came to an end, and Enid and Dick went to their lessons, although the little girl found it very hard to study while

her heart was with her little brother, Raphael — *her Christmas present from the angels*, she called him. Still, she had been taught that all duty was sacred, and so she tried to fasten her mind upon her books.

Papa came into the library about half-past eight o'clock to bid the little ones good-night, and let them know that baby was quietly sleeping, and seemed to be in no pain.

Then they went to their rest. When Enid opened her eyes, next morning, Aunt Helen was standing by her bed, smiling.

“Oh, Auntie!” said the little girl, “tell me” —

“Yes, dear, said Auntie, “baby is much better this morning, we think. Mamma and I

watched beside him all night long, and now mamma is trying to get a short sleep."

Enid's heart overflowed with thanksgiving. She could have cried for joy.

"Can't I see baby, Auntie?" she said, inquiringly.

"Not to-day, my little girl," Auntie replied. "To-morrow, if he still improves, you may go into the room awhile when you come from school. The doctor thought last night he was mistaken about the baby's complaint."

So Enid dressed herself in haste, and went to breakfast, where she found papa, with the old smile upon his face.

She longed with her whole heart to kiss her dear Raphael before she left home for school, but

she was too good a girl to complain because Auntie had refused her that pleasure.

On Thursday, Enid again saw her baby brother.

How long it had seemed since she had held him in her arms, and pressed his soft, round cheek to hers!

Raphael seemed to be almost his own dear, happy self again. He laughed and crowed and kicked when Enid talked to him, and was as much pleased as herself.

Only three days more, and then Christmas, and Raphael's birthday.

On Friday morning, baby was not quite so well, and when Enid kissed him good-by, before going to school, he didn't seem so bright and lively as he was the day before.

When Enid came home at five o'clock, Dr. Brown's sleigh stood before the door, beside a sleigh which Enid had never seen before. She quickly rang the bell, and Mr. Goodson himself answered the door.

Enid saw, by papa's face, that something unusual had happened.

"Is it Raphael that"—said Enid, quickly.

"Yes, dear," interrupted papa, "our little boy is very sick."

"Oh, papa!" gasped Enid, "tell me"—and her voice was choked in tears.

"He was taken very badly about noon, Enid, and he has been growing rapidly worse. Dr. Brown has another doctor with him, and they will do all that can be done for our little one.

Don't cry, darling," said papa, putting his arms around the little girl, while the big tears rolled down his own cheeks.

Just then Auntie came down stairs, and said to papa, in a low voice, "William, Margaret wants you to see baby now. Ah, you have got home, Enid dear."

"Oh, Auntie!" exclaimed Enid, unable to suppress her emotion.

"Hush, my dear little girl," Aunt Helen said, leading Enid into the library. Then Auntie put Enid's bright head upon her shoulder, and the little girl had a good, quiet cry.

"Now, darling," said Auntie, "I must go to help mamma with baby. Yes, he is *very* sick, we fear," and her own sweet voice faltered.

After awhile the two doctors came out of the sick-room, and went into the parlor.

In about half an hour the strange doctor drove away.

Enid went to dinner alone with Dick. She tried to eat, but the food seemed to choke her. She left the table and crept silently into the hall, outside of her mother's room.

There she listened for the faintest cry from her baby brother's lips.

How earnestly she prayed that Raphael might not die!

At last Aunt Helen took the little girl to bed, and when she kissed Enid good-night, and said "God bless you," Enid's face was covered with Auntie's falling tears.

Enid was worn out with her childish sorrow, and as she whispered, again and again, her tender prayer for her baby brother, she floated off into the land of dreams.

She heard a low, sweet voice whisper in her ear, "Enid, Enid, come with me;" and as she arose to obey the gentle call, the light of the full moon streamed in her window, and there in the silver flood stood the tall angel she had seen last Christmas Eve.

Enid said, "I am coming;" and then the strange angel gathered her in his arms, and the next moment the room vanished, and they were floating away through the night under the silent stars.

Far above the snow-dressed city they flew,

till Enid could hear no sound except the beating of the angel's wings.

Then they reached an atmosphere full of music. The music seemed to surge in upon the ear, as the ocean softly sobs upon the bosom of the sandy beach.

As Enid looked into the face of the silent angel, it was radiant with light.

Then the angel said, "Look, dear Enid!" And the little girl gazed in the direction which he indicated with his outstretched hand, and saw what looked, in the distance, like a thick cluster of stars.

As Enid steadily looked, the light grew brighter and brighter, and there came, through the soft music which surrounded them like a mist, the



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faint sound of a chime of bells. Still they flew through the night toward the light, which grew brighter, till Enid saw they were approaching a city, whose temples and palaces were pure crystal, through which a million lights from within were streaming gloriously.

At last they stand within the gateway of the city, and such sounds of harmony poured through the streets as Enid had never heard before.

From a thousand bells pealed forth a great hymn of triumph; from a thousand voices poured a song of joy!

Toward the city's gate a mighty throng was gathering, as white doves flutter around a dove-cote.

The tall angel whispered, in glad tones, "He

is found at last.' And as the great throng came nearer, Enid saw in its midst a

BLUE-EYED BABY !

She started forward, with surprise and joy. It was, it was he, her darling Raphael! Never had he looked so beautiful before. No trace of fever on his sweet face; nothing to stain the brightness of his eyes; no sickness to weaken the tones of his voice, as he said, "Enid, dear sister, I am at home once more."

And then the music of bells and human lips took shape in one glad, mighty voice, which said, "He is found! He is found!"

Enid sprang forward to clasp her brother in her arms, and cried out in a loud, bitter tone,

“Raphael, darling, do not leave us. I love you so !”

“Why, Enid dear,” said Auntie, who stood by her little girl’s bed, “why do you cry out so in your sleep?” “Oh, Auntie!” said Enid, “where is he? Where is Raphael?”

Auntie’s face was pale as marble. She took Enid by the hand, and said in a voice both calm and low, “Come and see.”

Into her mother’s room Auntie led Enid ; and there, upon the bed, with closed eyes and soft cheeks the color of unpolished silver, lay the baby form, like a valley lily touched with the frost of death! A faint smile seemed to linger on the lips which had never spoken a word of this world’s language.

Mamma sat beside the bed with her face hidden in papa's breast, while she moaned in a low voice, "My baby, my little baby."

Enid looked one moment upon the face she loved so dearly, and then, as she heard her mamma's low cry, the sweet child knelt beside her knee and said: "Mamma, do not cry for baby. Remember, he was only a lost angel while he was with us, and now he must be glad to be at home again."

"God bless you!" said papa, as he wiped away poor mamma's tears. "I thank Thee, oh Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

THE END.

